DARK HORSE COMICS
3 of 4
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ALIENS
ROGUE
IAN EDGINTON • WILL SIMPSON

ALIENS™

ROGUE

3

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WILL SIMPSON **art**

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DARK HORSE COMICS

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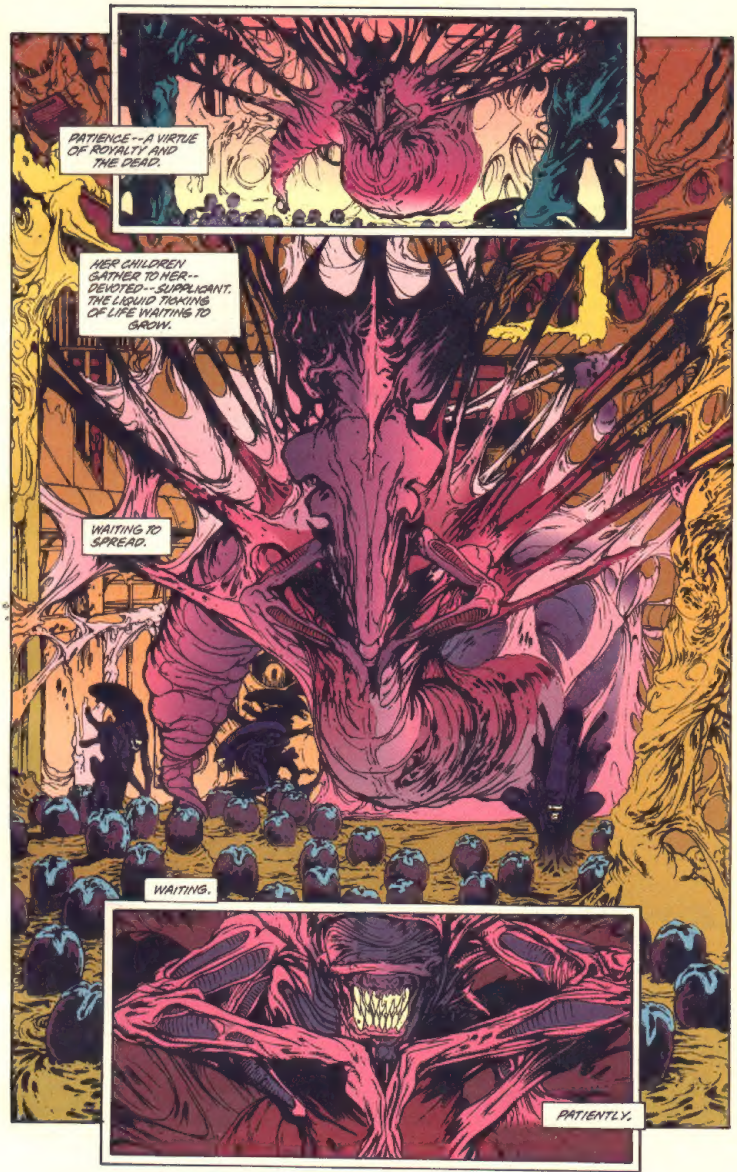
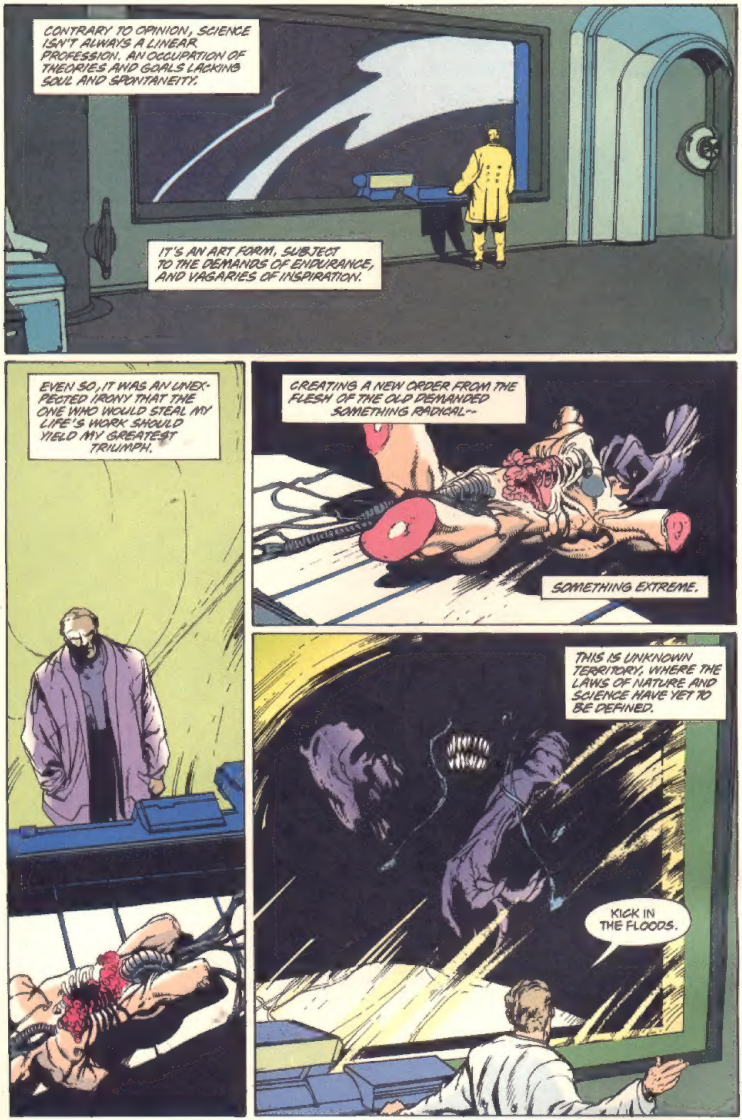
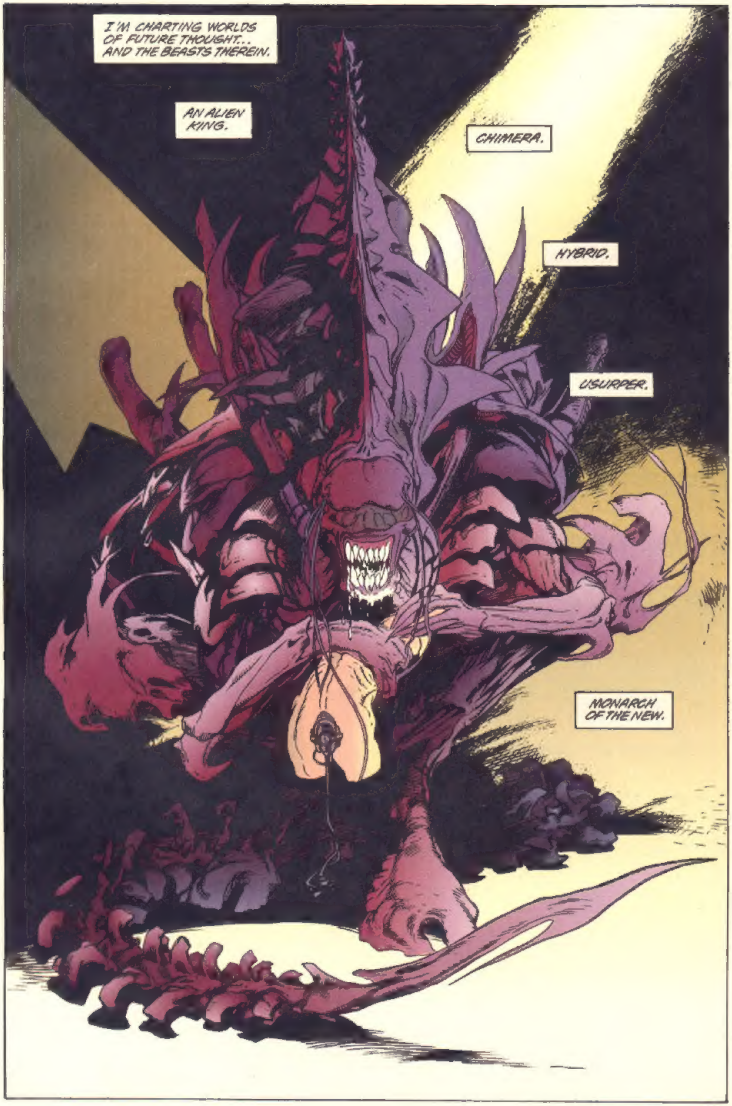
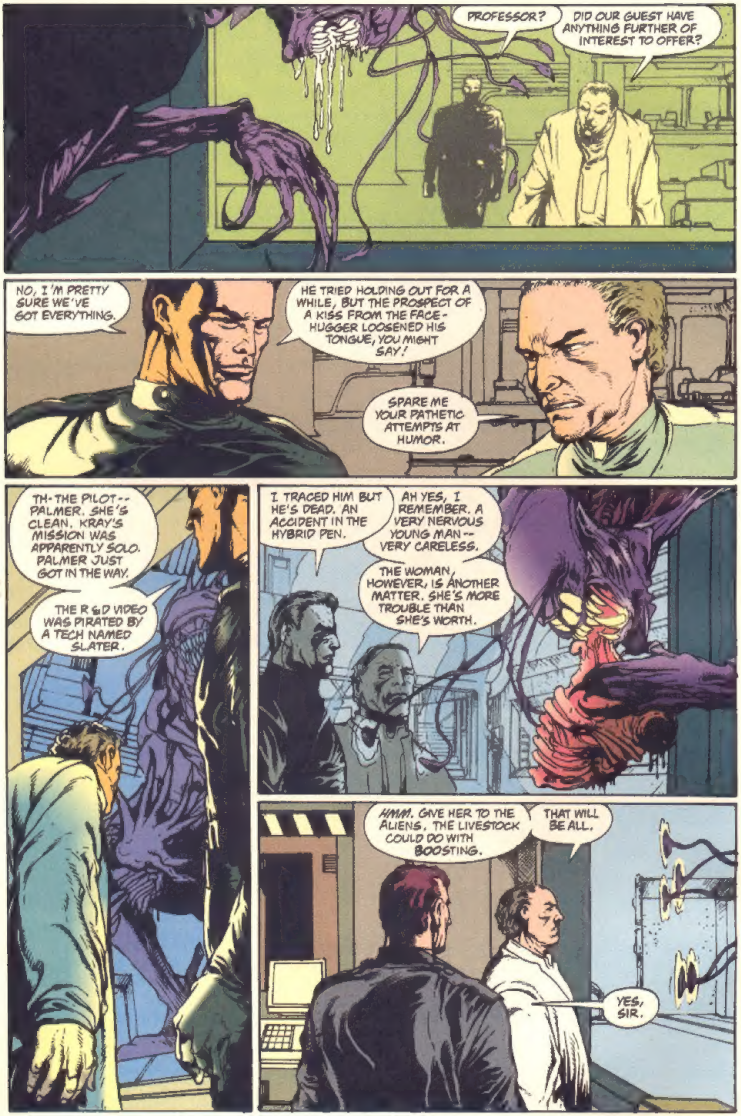
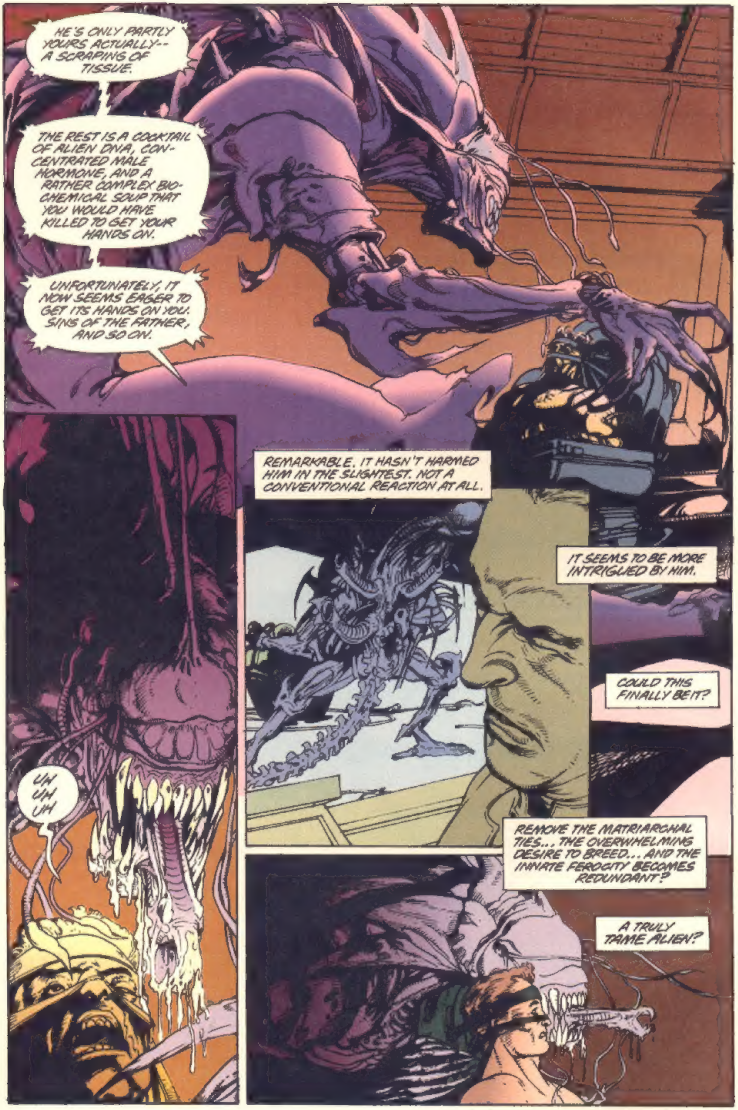

PATIENCE--A VIRTUE OF ROYALTY AND THE DEAD.
HER CHILDREN GATHER TO HER--DEVOTED--SUPPLICANT. THE LIQUID TRACINGS OF LIFE WAITING TO GROW.
WAITING TO SPREAD.
WAITING.
PATIENTLY.

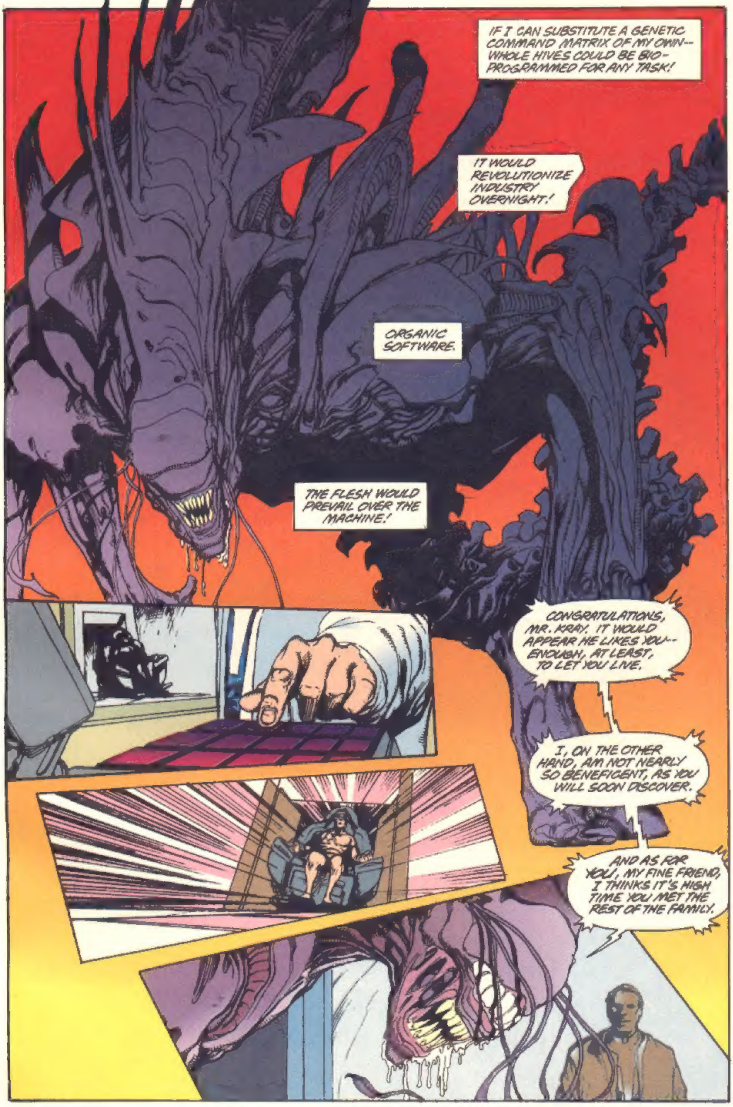

CONTRARY TO OPINION, SCIENCE ISN'T ALWAYS A LINEAR PROFESSION. AN OCCUPATION OF THEORIES AND GOALS LACKING SOUL AND SPONTANEITY.
IT'S AN ART FORM, SUBJECT TO THE DEMANDS OF ENDURANCE, AND VAGARIES OF INSPIRATION.
EVEN SO, IT WAS AN UNEXPECTED IRONY THAT THE ONE WHO WOULD STEAL MY LIFE'S WORK SHOULD YIELD MY GREATEST TRIUMPH.
CREATING A NEW ORDER FROM THE FLESH OF THE OLD DEMANDED SOMETHING RADICAL--
SOMETHING EXTREME.
THIS IS UNKNOWN TERRITORY, WHERE THE LAWS OF NATURE AND SCIENCE HAVE YET TO BE DEFINED.
KICK IN THE FLOODS.


I'M CHARTING WORLDS OF FUTURE THOUGHT... AND THE BEASTS THEREIN.
AN ALIEN KING.
CHIMERA.
HYBRID.
USURPER.
MONARCH OF THE NEW.


PROFESSOR?
DID OUR GUEST HAVE ANYTHING FURTHER OF INTEREST TO OFFER?
NO, I'M PRETTY SURE WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING.
HE TRIED HOLDING OUT FOR A WHILE, BUT THE PROSPECT OF A KISS FROM THE FACE-HUGGER LOOSENED HIS TONGUE, YOU MIGHT SAY!
SPARE ME YOUR PATHETIC ATTEMPTS AT HUMOR.
TH-THE PILOT--PALMER. SHE'S CLEAN. KRAY'S MISSION WAS APPARENTLY SOLO. PALMER JUST GOT IN THE WAY.
THE R&D VIDEO WAS PIRATED BY A TECH NAMED SLATER.
I TRACED HIM BUT HE'S DEAD. AN ACCIDENT IN THE HYBRID PEN.
AH YES, I REMEMBER. A VERY NERVOUS YOUNG MAN--VERY CARELESS.
THE WOMAN, HOWEVER, IS ANOTHER MATTER. SHE'S MORE TROUBLE THAN SHE'S WORTH.
HMM. GIVE HER TO THE ALIENS. THE LIVESTOCK COULD DO WITH BOOSTING.
THAT WILL BE ALL.
YES, SIR.

SUCCESS AFTER SO MANY MONTHS OF BITTER FAILURE? I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT.
I HAVE DONE MANY QUESTIONABLE THINGS, BUT THIS--THIS WILL BE MY VINDICATION.
I TRIED EVERYTHING. PARASITIC BONDING VIRUSES--CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS--LIVE HUMAN HOSTS INSTEAD OF CLONED BODY MASS.
ALL USELESS.
I WAS MIRED IN MY OBSESSION TO CULTURE AN ALIEN QUEEN, BLIND TO OTHER OPTIONS.
IT TOOK THE INTRUSION OF KRAY--THE ROGUE ELEMENT, THE INVADER IN OUR MIDST--TO INSPIRE WIDER BREADTH OF VISION.
GOOD EVENING, MR. KRAY.
I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD FIND THE TIME TO JOIN US.
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE LATEST ADDITION TO MY HAPPY BROOD... YOUR SON!
OH, GOD.


HE'S ONLY PARTLY YOURS, ACTUALLY-- A SCRAPING OF TISSUE.
THE REST IS A COCKTAIL OF ALIEN DNA, CONCENTRATED MALE HORMONE, AND A RATHER COMPLEX BIOCHEMICAL SOUP THAT YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED TO GET YOUR HANDS ON.
UNFORTUNATELY, IT NOW SEEMS EAGER TO GET ITS HANDS ON YOU. SINS OF THE FATHER, AND SO ON.
UH UH UH
REMARKABLE. IT HASN'T HARMED HIM IN THE SLIGHTEST. NOT A CONVENTIONAL REACTION AT ALL.
IT SEEMS TO BE MORE INTRIGUED BY HIM.
COULD THIS FINALLY BE IT?
REMOVE THE MATRIARCHAL TIES... THE OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO BREED... AND THE INNATE FEROCITY BECOMES REDUNDANT?
A TRULY TAME ALIEN?

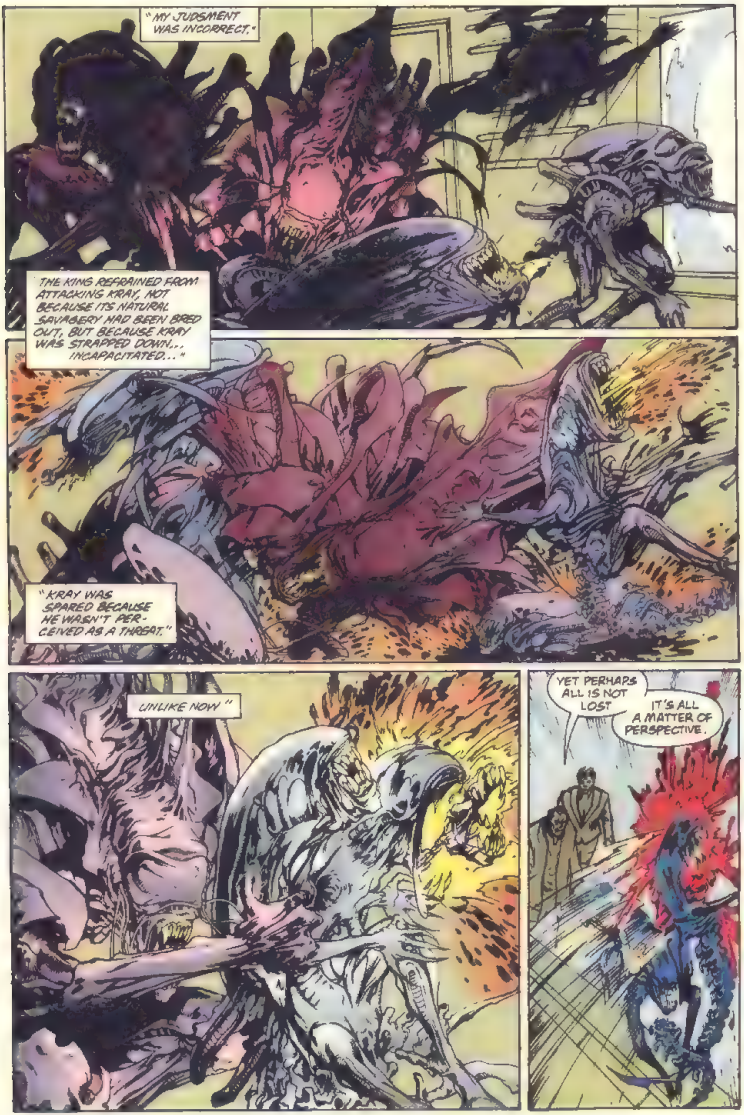

IF I CAN SUBSTITUTE A GENETIC COMMAND MATRIX OF MY OWN--WHOLE HIVES COULD BE BIO-PROGRAMMED FOR ANY TASK!
IT WOULD REVOLUTIONIZE INDUSTRY! OVERNIGHT!
ORGANIC SOFTWARE.
THE FLESH WOULD PREVAIL OVER THE MACHINE!
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. KRAY. IT WOULD APPEAR HE LIKES YOU--ENOUGH, AT LEAST, TO LET YOU LIVE.
I, ON THE OTHER HAND, AM NOT NEARLY SO BENEVOLENT, AS YOU WILL SOON DISCOVER.
AND AS FOR YOU, MY FINE FRIEND, I THINKS IT'S HIGH TIME YOU MET THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

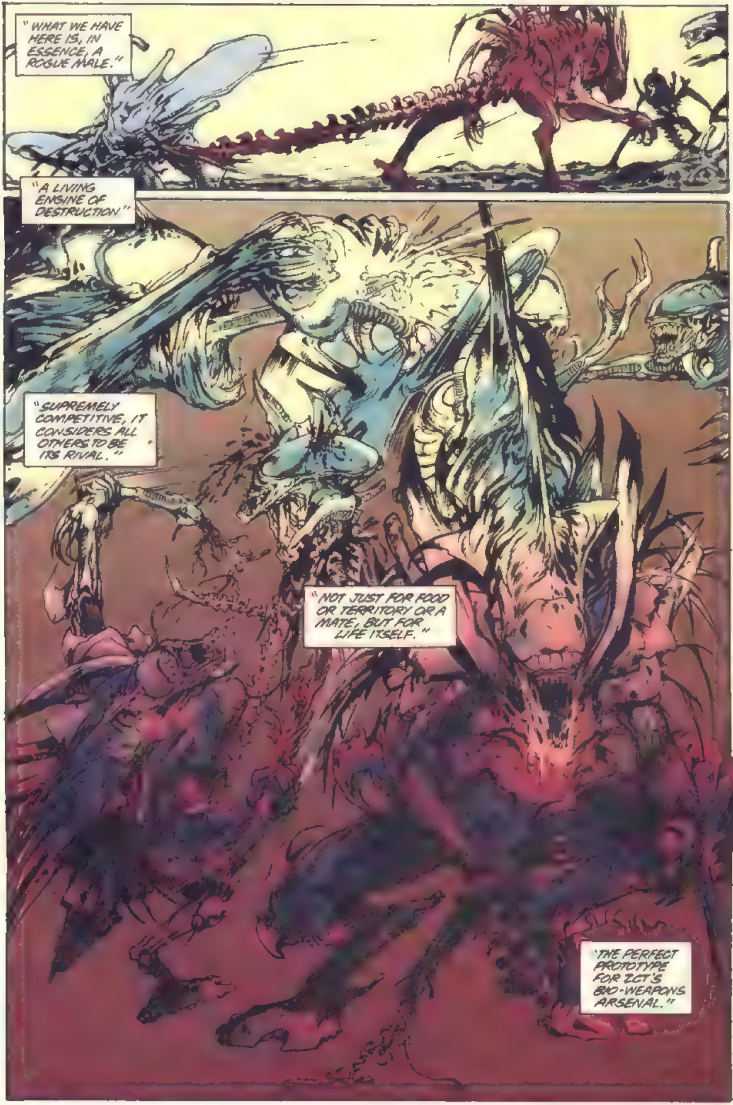
KEEP MOVING.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS! YOU KNOW THAT HE'S INSANE!
AIR LOCK EVE 12
IF WE ALL WORK TOGETHER, WE CAN STOP HIM!
NO MORE KILLING.
SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!!
SCREW YOU!
DAMN! WE LOSE HER AN' THE OLD MAN'LL HAVE OUR BALLS!
"RELAX, THAT'S A DEAD END. NOTHIN' BUT AN AIR LOCK AN' COLD VACUUM."

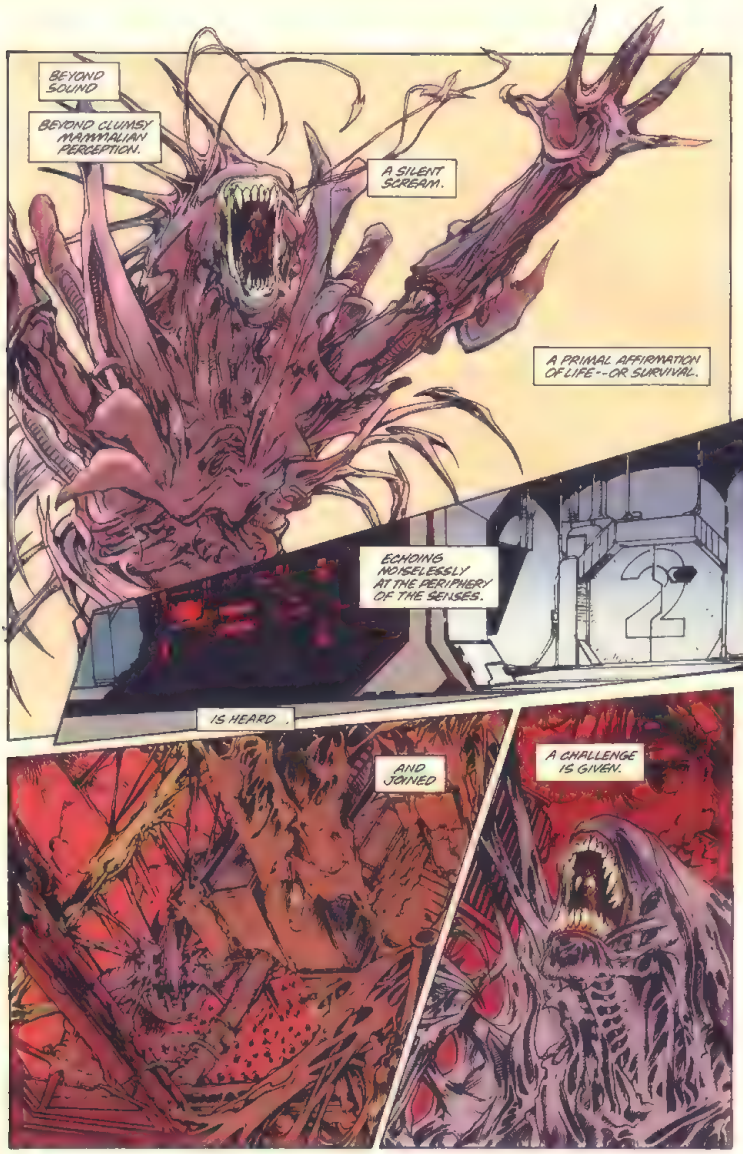
SHE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE.
GUESS AGAIN, JERK.
LOOK OUT--
BRAKKA-BRAKKA
TALK ABOUT BEING SAVED BY THE CAVALRY!
THERE'S NO CAVALRY, GIRL... JUST ME. REST OF THE HEROES ARE DEAD... OR WORSE.
LISTEN, I CAN'T STAY HERE AND HOLD YOUR HAND. I'VE GOT SCORES TO SETTLE. IT'S BEST YOU'RE NOT INVOLVED.
NO SWEAT, SARGE.
I CAN HANDLE MYSELF
CAN YOU TAKE IT FROM HERE?

CELL BLOCK H
E6
WHOA!
HOLD ! DON'T SHOOT!!
YOU?
WE NEED TO TALK.

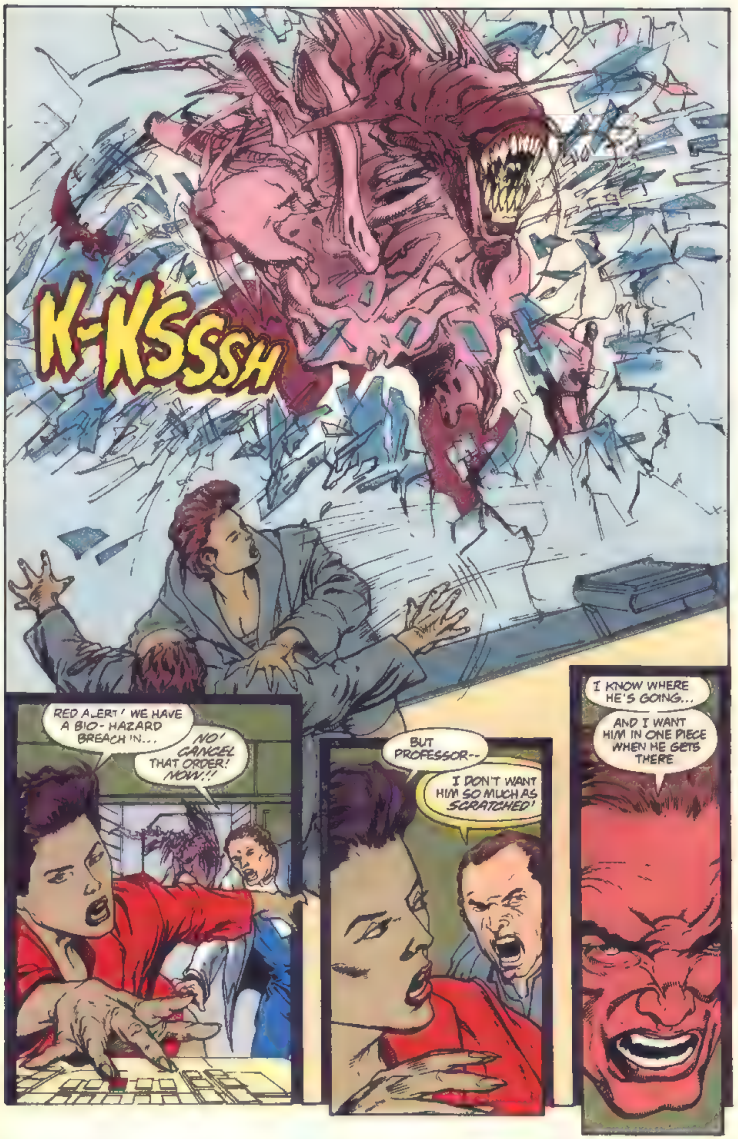
I'VE BEEN A FOOL, GRACE. A COMPLACENT FOOL.
YOU'RE BEING TOO HARD ON YOURSELF, PROFESSOR.
NO, I'M NOT. IN MY CONCEIT, I'VE OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS.
I'VE IGNORED THE PRIMARY FUNDAMENTALS OF NATURE. I IMAGINED THEY WOULDN'T APPLY TO THIS UNIQUE STRAIN.
BUT I WAS WRONG.
SKRREEEEEEE


"MY JUDGMENT WAS INCORRECT."
THE KING REFRAINED FROM ATTACKING KRAY, NOT BECAUSE ITS NATURAL SAVAGERY HAD BEEN BRED OUT, BUT BECAUSE KRAY WAS STRAPPED DOWN... INCAPACITATED..."
"KRAY WAS SPARED BECAUSE HE WASN'T PERCEIVED AS A THREAT."
UNLIKE NOW."
YET PERHAPS ALL IS NOT LOST
IT'S ALL A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE.


"WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS, IN ESSENCE, A ROGUE MALE."
"A LIVING ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION"
"SUPREMELY COMPETITIVE, IT CONSIDERS ALL OTHERS TO BE ITS RIVAL."
"NOT JUST FOR FOOD OR TERRITORY OR A MATE, BUT FOR LIFE ITSELF."
"THE PERFECT PROTOTYPE FOR ZCT'S BIO-WEAPONS ARSENAL."

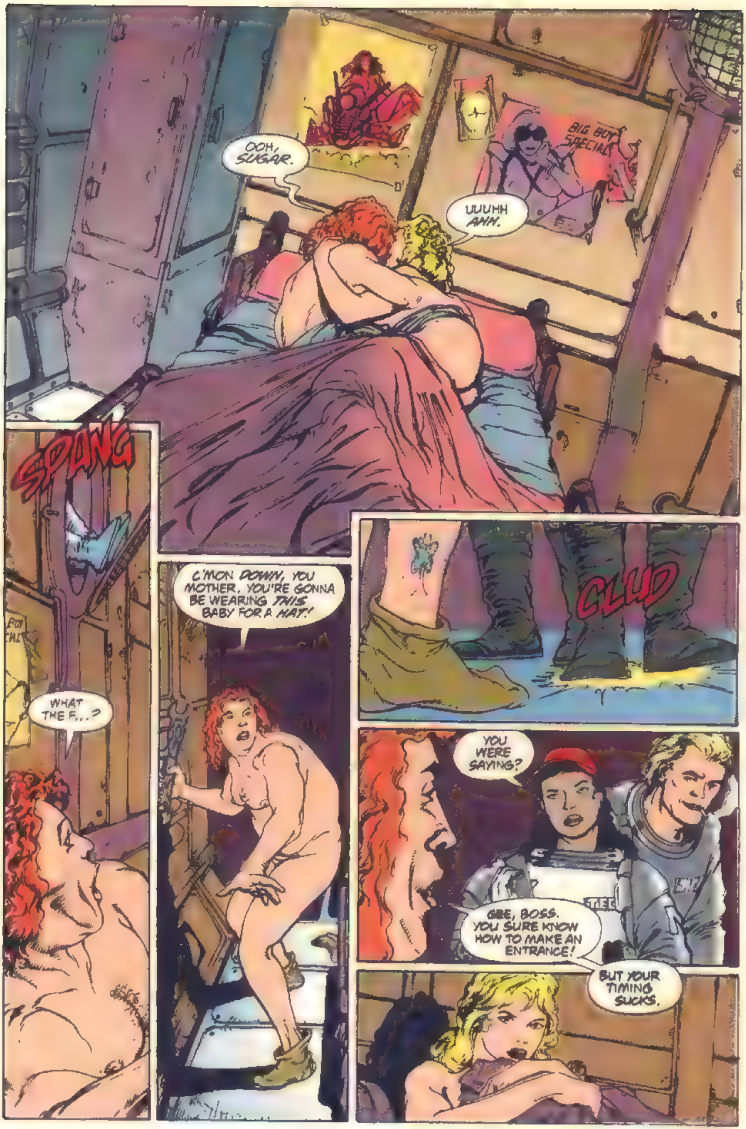

BEYOND SOUND
BEYOND CLUMSY MAMMALIAN PERCEPTION.
A SILENT SCREAM.
A PRIMAL AFFIRMATION OF LIFE--OR SURVIVAL.
ECHOING NOISELESSLY AT THE PERIPHERY OF THE SENSES.
IS HEARD.
AND JOINED
A CHALLENGE IS GIVEN.

SOMETHING'S WRONG.
PROFESSOR! I'VE JUST PICKED UP TWO TRANSMISSION SIGNALS ON THE UPPER EF BAND.
TO MY KNOWLEDGE, WE HAVE NO FACILITIES FOR BROADCASTING ON THIS FREQUENCY?
CAN YOU TRACE THEIR SOURCE?
WHUP WHUP
ONE IS ON THIS LEVEL... FROM THE ALIEN SECTOR.
SPAK
THE OTHER IS...IS HERE.
IN THIS ROOM.
KRAK


K-KSSSH
RED ALERT! WE HAVE A BIO-HAZARD BREACH IN...
NO! CANCEL THAT ORDER! NOW!!
BUT PROFESSOR--
I DON'T WANT HIM SO MUCH AS SCRATCHED!
I KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING...
AND I WANT HIM IN ONE PIECE WHEN HE GETS THERE

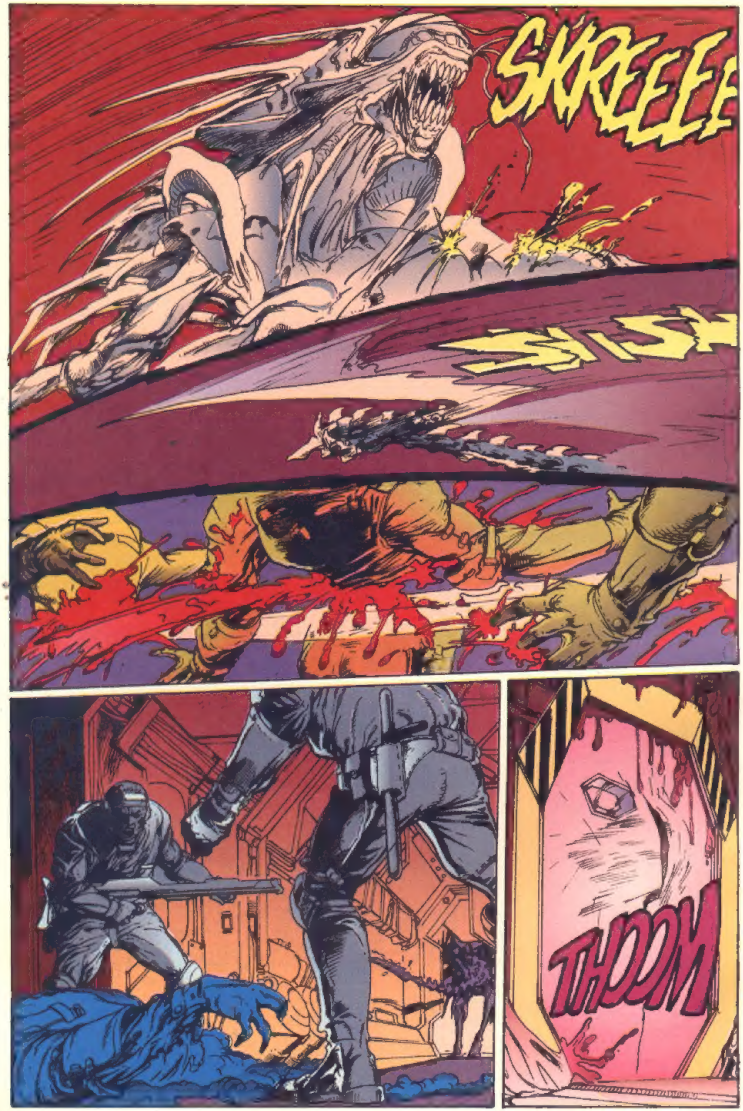
NOTHING ALL FOR NOTHING
THE WORK, THE LIVES-- ALL WASTED. CHRIST, THEY FED ME AS MUCH ROPE AS I WANTED AND WATCHED ME HANG MYSELF WITH IT.
YOU OKAY?
MM? YEAH, I'M FINE.
OLD ACCESS TUNNELS. JOINTS RIDDLED WITH THEM. BACK FROM WHEN THIS WAS A PENAL COLONY. FEWER CAMERAS DOWN HERE.
CAN WE REACH YOUR SHIP THIS WAY?
NOT ENTIRELY, BUT CLOSE ENOUGH. I NEED DEEGAN, THOUGH. A GOOD CAPTAIN DOESN'T DESERT HER CREW
I APPRECIATE THE RISK YOU TOOK COMING FOR ME.
FORGET IT, I WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ANYWAY. BESIDES, I OWED YOU ONE FOR CALLING YOU A COMPANY STOOGE.
YOU KNOW I'M AN AGENT FOR GRANT CORP, OR AT LEAST WAS UNTIL TODAY?
SO I HEARD. TO BE HONEST, AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH, I COULDN'T GIVE A DAMN ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO GET THE HELL OFF THIS ROCK.

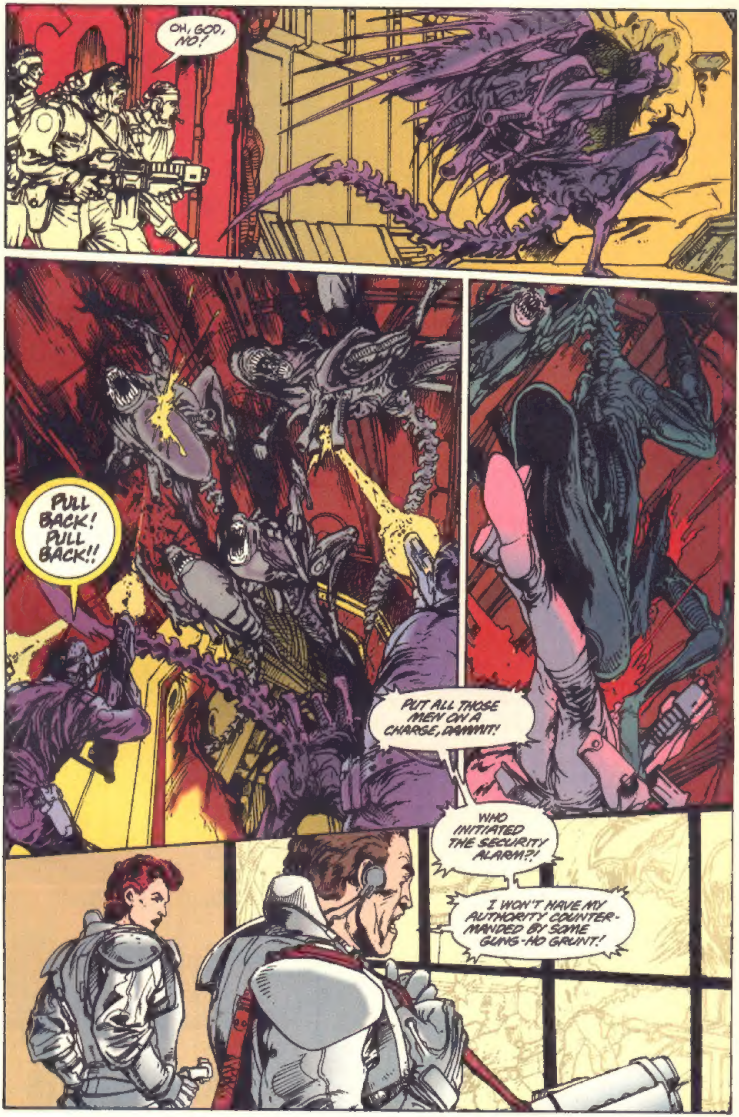
I STOOD BY FOR TOO LONG, WATCHING KLEIST PLAY SOME SICK GAME WITH THE PEOPLE HERE
NO ONE KNEW HIS GAME, SO NO ONE KNEW HIS RULES. YOU MAKE A WRONG MOVE, YOU DIE.
SOONER OR LATER SOMETHING HAD TO GIVE.
YOUR ARRIVAL WAS A KIND OF CATALYST FOR ME. IT WAS NOW OR NEVER. THE TRUTH HAD TO COME OUT OR I'D DIE HERE--NEVER SEE MY KIDS AGAIN.
SO YOU GAMBLED YOUR LIFE ON TALKING TO ME--A SPY?
YEAH, WELL, THINGS DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT AS I'D PLANNED.
YOU AND ME BOTH.
AT LEAST WE'VE GOT OUR HEALTH.
YEAH, BUT FOR HOW LONG?
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, JOHN, OR WHOEVER YOU ARE.
YOU'RE A PESSIMIST AFTER MY OWN HEART


OOH, SUGAR.
UUUHH AHH.
BIG BOY SPECIAL
SPANG
WHAT THE F...?
C'MON DOHN, YOU MOTHER. YOU'RE GONNA BE WEARING THIS BABY FOR A HAT!
CLUD
YOU WERE SAYING?
GEE, BOSS. YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE!
BUT YOUR TIMING SUCKS.

BETTER PUT YOUR CLOTHES ON, MISS. PARTY'S OVER.
JASON?
JUST DO AS HE SAYS, SUGAR.
I TAKE IT THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL?
YOU COULD SAY THAT. YOU COULD ALSO PACK YOUR GEAR. WE'RE TEARING UP OUR CONTRACT AND SHIPPING OUT TONIGHT.
WE ARE?!
WOULD I LIE TO YOU? STAY HERE IF YOU WANT, I JUST THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU THE OPTION.
NO WAY! I'M W TH YOU. LET ME GRAB MY TOOTHBRUSH AND I'M...
BWAAA BWAAA
AN ALARM!
TROUBLE.
BWAAA BWAAA BWAAA BWAAA BWAAA
DAMN! THERE'S ARMOR EVERYWHERE!
BUT... THEY'RE NOT STOPPING HERE! SO... IF THEY'RE NOT LOOKING FOR US...

"...SOMETHING REALLY BAD IS GOING DOWN!"
SON OF A BITCH! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!
AIM FOR THE LIMBS-- LESS BLOOD SPLATTER!
OPEN FIRE!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA


SKREEEE
SLSH
THOOM


OH, GOD, NO!
PULL BACK! PULL BACK!!
PUT ALL THOSE MEN ON A CHARGE, DAMMIT!
WHO INITIATED THE SECURITY ALARM?!
I WON'T HAVE MY AUTHORITY COUNTERMANDED BY SOME GUNG-HO GRUNT!

PROFESSOR, I MUST EXPRESS MY CONCERN AT YOUR PRESENT MENTAL STATE. YOUR MANNER SEEMS SOMEWHAT IRRATIONAL.
MY DEAR GRACE. NO MATTER HOW THOROUGHLY YOU ARE PROGRAMMED--
YOU WILL NEVER EVEN REMOTELY UNDERSTAND HOW I FEEL AT THIS MOMENT.
WE SHALL SOON WITNESS THE VALIDATION OF ALL I BELIEVE.
IN A GODLESS UNIVERSE, THERE IS ONLY MAN AND THE ALIEN. ONLY ONE CAN BE THE DOMINANT SPECIES.
I HAVE TAKEN THE BRUTE CLAY OF CREATION AND RESHAPED IT INTO A SUPERIOR IMAGE.
THE ALIEN EMPIRE WILL BE DESTROYED AT THE HANDS OF ITS OWN KIND. THE KILLING STROKE BIO-PROGRAMMED BY HUMAN CUNNING... HUMAN INTELLECT.
IT BEGINS HERE... TODAY!!